Emelie Hall

The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

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Only a Minute.

ONLY a minute," my darling,
What may a minute be worth?
"Sixty wee seconds;" Yes, seconds
Have given the minutes their birth,—
But minutes make hours, my darling,
Days, years and ages, as well;
What is the worth of a minute?
That who can measure, or tell?

"Only a minute," my darling;
"Only a minute," you say;
Leaving your work or your study,
"Only a minute" to play.
Swifuly time passes unheeded;
Careless of duty you stay;
Thinking not once that the minutes
Are stealing the hours away.

Minutes turn day into evening;
Minutes turn night into morn;
Minutes will make up a lifetime—
Value them ere they are gone.
Pray they may bear a pure record,
Strive that the work of each one—
Only the work of each moment,
Be faithfully, lovingly done.

Only the minutes, my darling,
Are weaving a wreath for the day;
Shall it be woven of flowers,
Or shadowed and sombre and gray?
Care for the minutes, my darling,
Only the minutes will say,
Whether your path be a darkened,
Or sun-lighted, flower-crowned way.

H. H. D.

Come to Jesus.

LITTLE children, come to Jesus;
Come and thank him for his care:
For he died from sin to free us,
And our souls for heaven prepare.

There, with angels, we shall ever
Praise him through eternal day:
From his presence we shall never,
Never more be led astray.

For the Myrtle.

On Visiting Strange Places Without Permission.

PART I.

IN her half holidays, Annie Yolland and I had always been permitted to go out together unaccompanied for long rambles, since as yet we had not got into any scrapes, and even the usual caution to be careful how we crossed the roads, was deemed by Annie and myself to be quite superfluous, when one day we decided upon going some new way that we had never been before. I think we must have gone nearly as far as Islington, when we turned down a by street and stood before a dentist's showcase, where a waxen head was smiling broadly, so as to disclose a full upper and under set of very blue teeth.

"See, Annie," I cried, "how badly the face is colored! it looks like red brick! and look at the speckled eyes, and long eyelashes."

At this moment a boy in the next doorway offered us a handbill in which we read, as near as I can remember, the following:

ENTERTAINMENT AND INSTRUCTIVE
EXHIBITION!

To Commence with a Grand Diorama of a Horrible Murder and the Startling Apparition of the Victim.

RUFUS THE TAME LION!!!
MECHANICAL WAX FIGURE OF AHERMIT IN HIS CELL.
MODEL OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE."
And a Large and World Renowned Collection of Casts, and Models in Wax, of Heads of Notorious Criminals.
ADMISSION 6d. CHILDREN HALF-PRICE.

"Oh Clelia, wouldn't you like to go in? I'd give all the world to see the Diorama," said Annie.

"Yes, I should, wouldn't it be fun? only I don't like to go into such a strange place, it looks like some person's private house, and the stairs are so narrow and dirty."

"Perhaps," said Annie, "it would be different up in the room, only do you think your mamma would let you go in if she knew?"

"I am not sure, but perhaps she would, for I have often seen the lions at the Zoological Gardens, and she once took me to see old Mr. Vail's cork model of St. Peters in Rome, but we have never been to any such looking place as this."

"Well! let us go in for the fun of it. You can tell your mamma all about it afterwards. There can't be any harm in it."

We went up the stairs with a sense of daring some mysterious danger, and a shabby looking man with a red nose, whose hand trembled, took our money, and told us to go straight on. I whispered to Annie, "I am glad we have come, for I am sure he must be very poor, and sixpence could buy him some bread if he is hungry."

The Exhibition room was on such a small scale that the dozen persons or so already collected therein seemed to us quite a crowd, and we felt greatly abashed at going in among them, the more especially as we perceived at the first glance that their appearance and manners were anything but what we had been, or ought to be, used to seeing. We had come in late, so they were already at the "ghost scene" in the Diorama, and we were much disappointed to find that the "Startling Apparition" was only a coarse painting on one of a series of curtains, that being let down was illuminated from behind by means of the light of a tallow candle to give it a transparent and supernatural effect, but there was very little illusion about it, judging from the roars of laughter and jeers of the audience! We were equally disappointed in the "Tame Lion" enclosed between frail bars of wood! for though it lay breathing very spasmodically, not to say wheezingly and creakingly, it was difficult to believe that the staring eyes were not of glass, or that the mangy, moth-eaten skin was that of a live animal, besides which, every now and then it gave utterance to roars of such a feeble and singular character, that they resembled more the barks emitted by a toy-dog! At last Annie whispered to me,—

"Bellows!"

"Where?"

"Boy on the other side."

"Moving into a corner, I could plainly perceive behind a curtain a boy forcing into the lion's side the breath of life by means of bellows concealed within its skin. The mechanical hermit who nodded his head at the mechanical mice that ran with great regularity round a piece of bread lying on a table, interested us greatly, but even here the illusion was very incomplete! Then came the models of heads of criminals. Never can I forget the unutterable loathing, the deadly faintness, that came over me at the sight of these horrors. I seemed to be under a fearful nightmare. Annie's face was pale, and her dark eyes dilated with terror. A respectable looking woman who had come in after us, and had regarded each object with contempt, said to us, "This isn't a fit place for well behaved little girls like you to be brought to. Which is your nurse-maid? I'll give her a talking to."

We informed her that no one had brought us, but that we had come of our own accord. Then said she. "The sooner you leave of your own accord the better for you."

Just then two girls with bonnets hanging off their heads, and long brass eardrops, lounged up to us, and suddenly seizing roughly our waists, asked us where we were pushing to? Of course we were not aware of having inconvenienced any one, but still said quietly "I beg your pardon" and retreated further. "Here, Bill" called one of them in a loud, bold voice. "Come over here, and have a lark," and then she said some words that we did not understand, though they evidently referred to us, whilst the other girl stood staring at us with her arms akimbo, when some people crowding in front of us, we were enabled to slip out of the room. We hurried down the stairs and along the street, with hearts fast beating with undefined dread and disgust, which increased to serious alarm when on turning a corner we beheld the two girls at a distance, evidently in pursuit of us. But when we had gained the main road we lost sight of them, and could breathe freely again.

"I wish," said Annie, "that we could see a policeman, then we should feel quite safe, but if those girls should come up with us now, I would go into a confectioner's or some other shop and tell the people to make them leave us alone. Oh Clelia! I will never go to any such place again."

"No more shall I, but I am afraid to tell mamma, for fear it should frighten her so that she would think that we had got into mischief if we were not home exactly at the right time."

"Well," said Annie, "I shall not say anything, for it would do no good."

We did not say anything, but perhaps as far as I was concerned, it would have been better that I had done so, for even if severely blamed, I should have received advice for my future guidance, that might have prevented a foolish thing I did a long while after, when I was quite a large girl. *Clelia Lega Weeks.*

Sowing Seven Grains.

We are told that it is a custom among the Indians, when they are sowing maize, to put seven grains of corn into the ground. One was asked why this was done. "Well," said the Indian, "we put in one grain for the crows, another for the worms, and a third for the squirrels; and we expect that the rest will bring forth fruit." The Indians teach us a lesson. They teach us to sow good seed liberally, and not be disappointed if all that we sow does not bring forth fruit. Our Saviour teaches us that some will fall by the wayside, some on stony ground, and some among thorns. This we must expect as good seed-sowers. But what of it? Should it lead us not to sow at all? Nay, it should rather lead us, like the Indians, to sow more bountifully, lest, with scanty sowing, the crows, the worms, and the squirrels get the whole harvest. If we sow bountifully, we my rest assured of this, that the good seed of truth will find its way to some honest and good hearts, and bring forth fruit, thirty, sixty, or a hundred fold. The inspired Word tells us, "He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, and he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." Then

"Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow;
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow;
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale by plots 'tis found;
Go forth, then everywhere."

The Bible as a Common School Book.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, the son of the famous head-master of Rugby School, has offered a solution of the problem of Bible-reading in schools, which is free from all sectarian objection. It is briefly the preparation of selections from the text, sufficiently extended to make a complete unity, to be read with a view chiefly to literary culture. In illustration of his method, he has combined together Isaiah's prophecy of the restoration of Israel, chaps. 40-66. This, as is well known, is one of the sublimest portions of the Old Testament, and exhibits the majesty and compassionate tenderness of God, with an affluence of imagery to be found nowhere else in the sacred volume. Our authorized version is the basis of the text, with such changes as are needed to make the sense clear. In the introduction of these changes, Mr. Arnold has been duly cautious. Explanatory notes are added at the end of the manual, which is got up in the ordinary style of Latin or Greek classics for school purposes.

Mr. Arnold reasons that "if poetry, philosophy and eloquence—if what we call, in one word, letters, are a power in education, through the Bible only have the people much chance of getting at poetry, philosophy, and eloquence. The Bible is for the child in an elementary school almost his only contact with poetry and philosophy. What a course of eloquence and poetry is the Bible in a school which has and can have but little eloquence and poetry! All who value the Bible may rest assured that thus to know and possess the Bible is the most certain way to extend the power and efficacy of the Bible."

PUPPY IN THE TEAPOT.—A ludicrous accident happened to a pet black and tan puppy belonging to an up town family the other day. He found an old teapot on the ash heap, and once beyond his ears did not come out so easy, even when helped by members of the family. The only way out of the predicament was to take the teapot, with the dog in it, to the nearest tinshop, and cut the teapot off, which was done with some difficulty, to the great relief of the puppy.

SUBMIT to the guidance of those older than yourselves, and become wise by the wisdom of those who have gone before you.

For the Myrtle.

Carried Across.

"ISN'T it bad that I'm so small?"
Little Minnie cried,
"Is'n't it good that we're so tall!"
Kitty and Ned replied.

"Jump aloft and come along,
The chair is firm and wide,
Big folks are made tall and strong,
That little folks may ride."

H. A. B.

For the Myrtle.

Aunt Mary's Visit.

SCHOOL had closed and the King children were walking slowly home planning as they went how the long vacation was to be spent. "I for one mean to keep in mind what I have learned the past summer" said Grace, "and to do that I shall devote each day to my books."

"Oh! ho!" said Willie, "what an idea. Who could think of studying if they were not obliged to? I intend to enjoy myself, and leave study until school commences again. How do you think of passing the time until school again, Mary?"

"I hardly know, I do not like my books any better than you, but I cannot help thinking Gracie is right. You know Mr. Payson advised us not to throw our books down and not look at them again until September. He thought we should be better prepared to go on with our studies if we reviewed what we had been over this term."

"Yes," said Grace, "and he said if we learned a little each day, at the end of six or eight weeks, we should have added considerably to our stock of knowledge."

"Aunt Mary's come," shouted Willie, who had ran on before. The girls hastened their steps, and were soon in their cosy room giving their aunt a cordial welcome.

Aunt Mary Baker lived several miles away. She usually made her sister, Mrs. King, a long visit once a year, and she had arrived quite unexpectedly during the afternoon, while the children were at school. She was a great favorite with them, and they always hailed a visit from her with delight. Having no children of her own she frequently had one of her neices or her nephew with her for a short time. Living on a farm it was considered a great treat by them to spend a week with her.

She was very fond of children, and possessed the rare gift of being able to entertain them as readily as people of her own age.

When visiting Mrs. King the children always looked forward eagerly to the hour after tea, as then, Mrs. Baker often told them stories she had read from time to time, or better still, reminiscences of her own girlhood. To-night, after tea was cleared away, the young girls and their brother, were seated about their aunt.

"Your mother tells me your school closed this afternoon," said Mrs. Baker. "You have now, I presume, your long summer vacation. What are you intending to do with yourselves, while school is not in session?"

"Gracie says she is going to study some every day," said Willie, "but I get all the study I want

when I go to school, and I don't mean to look into a book to study all vacation time if I can help it."

Aunt Mary smiled, and turning to Mary, asked, "What shall you do, Mary? leave your books until school again, or follow Gracie's example and study a little each day?"

"I think Gracie is right, and I feel as though I should devote a part of my time to my books." She then repeated what Mr. Payson had told them about adding a little to their stock of knowledge each day. "I think your teacher's advice is good," replied Mrs. Barker. "Let me tell you about a friend of mine, whom I have known for years. Being obliged to leave school quite young, her opportunities for education were not as good as those of many girls of her own age.

But she was determined to do all she could for the improvement of her mind. Accordingly she set apart an hour of each day to be devoted exclusively to books. She marked out a course of reading and study which she followed perseveringly. After a few years she was called to occupy a home of her own. Sometime after her marriage a friend was visiting her, accompanied by her little boy, a child about five years of age. During the day the child, with her own and the neighbor's children was having a romping game of blind-man's buff, in the yard, when overturning a rustic seat and falling with it he struck his arm on an axe carelessly left by it, and cut a deep gash, nearly half way through it. The mother hearing the cries of her boy, hastily ran to him and seeing his arm bleeding furiously, immediately lost all control of herself. My friend glanced at the arm, and saw in a moment an artery was severed. Quick as thought she caught off a little belt one of the children wore, and tying it loosely about the wound, twisted it tightly, and held it in that manner until a surgeon arrived. Telling me of it sometime afterward she said, "before my marriage I obtained possession of a work on surgery, and although I never expected to be obliged to practice anything I read in it, I commenced and finished reading the book. At the time of this accident I remembered reading how to stop the bleeding of an artery. You can imagine how thankful I was to be able to know what to do under such circumstances."

"Upon another occasion a new well was being dug near the house, it had been dug about thirty feet when a rock was reached which made blasting necessary. A blast had just been blown, and one of the workmen had descended by a ladder to see the effects of the blast. Upon reaching the bottom, he found the air so impure, he motioned the other men not to follow, and commenced himself to ascend. Before reaching the top however, he was overcome by the impure air, and fell backward into the well. None of the remaining workmen knew what to do, but this brave woman seizing a pail of fresh water, and hastily calling for more, dashed it down the well. In a short time the air was sufficiently purified to allow the man to be removed. Some one congratulating her afterward, upon being able to save the life of a fellow-being she modestly replied, "I was only practising what I had read years ago."

"Had she not been present, the man would certainly have died before assistance could have been obtained. And she, had she not improved the hour each day she had devoted to reading and study, might not have known what to do in a case of emergency."

"Oh! Aunt Mary," said Grace, "how I should like to see that lady, does she live near you?"

"Yes, you have seen her often, it is my next door neighbor, Mrs. Steele. She still follows the habit acquired in girlhood, of reading an hour each day, and many are the valuable hints I have received from her lips."

"What do you think now, Willie, about leaving study until school commences again."

"I think I shall do no such thing" said he decidedly, but I shall follow the advice of my teacher, and the example of my dear, wise, sister Gracie," and he rose and kissed her affectionately.

"Well children it is late, and I think quite time we said good-night," said Mrs, Barker. The children bidding good-night, quietly retired, each resolving to "add a little to their knowledge every day," thinking that they to-night be called upon in time to practice what they had read, like the lady of whom their aunt had been telling them.

M. L. H.

TRANQUILITY is the wish of all; the good while pursuing the track of virtue; the great, while following the star of glory; and the little, while creeping in the eyes of dissipation, sigh for tranquility, and make it the great object which they ultimately hope to attain.

A Year of worship.

Rev. G. W. Perry says of this new Sunday School manual. "For quite a long time there has been a demand for a new Service Book, one that should contain the good eatures of all others. Over three years age we were assured, that such a book was in preparation, and would soon be issued; and from time to time since then, have been told that it would be out in a few days. We are glad it has made its appearance at last, and think that many of our schools will rejoice with us. We like it in most respects very much. Its plan is better than either of its predecessors, providing as it does a service for each Sunday of the year, and for all special occasions. It is for this reason better calculated for a permanent ritual."

Over six hundred copies of the book were sold the first week of its publication.

Sunday School Institutes.

The Editor of the *Sunday School Helper* takes up the idea we spoke of in the MYRTLE a few weeks ago, that of turning our Sunday School Conventions into Institutes. He urges the matter in these words:

"We wish our Brethren in the West and South would take up this idea, and work in this direction. The Sunday School Convention is a cumbersome affair, accomplishing much good, but scarcely enough to pay for the time and labor. Many times it is very unsatisfactory, and nearly always is marred by something which unexpectedly creeps into the discussions. The Institute is more carefully planned, is entirely in the hands of the Conductor, and every moment is provided for with the greatest care. Its purpose is not so much to discuss methods, as to illustrate them; not to display theories, but practical results. The dullest teacher attending its session will carry away something of value, if nothing more than a higher idea of the work in which he is engaged."

The Editor adds: Should any one desire information concerning the holding of Institutes, we think he can get all the knowledge he desires, by addressing the officers of the Universalist Sunday School Association.—Rev. J. J. Lewis, 37 Cornhill, Boston, Chairman. Rev. G. W. Perry, 9 Bond St, New York City, Secretary.

An Institute Programme.

We are glad to give this week, and just following these remarks, the Programme of the Institute to be held in the Bleecker St. church, New York City, October 1st and 2d. It will be interesting to all friends who hope to attend, telling them before hand the good things they may expect, and to those who cannot go as giving them also some little taste of the meeting. If any of our readers have not known just what these Institutes are like, they will see by this that it is a sort of *Normal School* for the training of the teachers. The programme which comes to hand is handsomely printed on tinted paper with red lines, and its feast of invitation is as follows:

WEDNESDAY.

10 A. M.—Opening Services, by Rev. E. C. Sweetser, of New York.
10 1-2 A. M.—Address of Welcome, by Rev. E. H. Chapin, D. D., of New York.
11 A M.—Address:—"The Present and future of the Sunday School Cause," by Rev. H. R. Nye, of Brooklyn.
11 1-2 A. M.—Qestions and Answers.
2 P. M.—Devotional Services, by Rev. J. M. Pullman of New York.
2 1-4 P. M.—Address:—"The Bible Class," by Rev. B. F. Bowles, of Philadelphia.
2 3-4 P. M.—The Infant Class—by Mrs. Farr, of New York.
3 1-4 P. M.—Verbal Questions.
3 1-2 P. M.—Essay:—"The Parents of the Sunday School," by Rev. G. W. Bicknell, of Portland, Maine.
4 P. M.—Questions and Answers.
8 P. M.—Lecture:—"The Young Men and the Ministry," by Rev. E. Fisher, D. D., of Canton, N. Y.

THURSDAY.

8 1-2 A M.—Teachers' Experience Meeting, conducted by Mrs. C. A. Soule, of New York.
9 1-2 A. M.—Essay:—The Sunday School Library," by Rev. J. W. Keyes, of Auburn, N. Y.
10 A. M.—Essay:—"The Teachers' Meeting," by Rev. M. R. Leonard, of Waltham, Mass.
10 1-2 A. M.—Short Speeches.
11 A. M.—Address:—"The Superintendent," by Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., of New York.
11 3-4 A. M.—Question and Answers.
2 P. M.—Devotional Exercises, by Rev. Charles Fluhrer, of New York.
2 1-4 P. M.—Essay:—"Teacher and Scholar," by Rev. C. W. Tomlinson, of Hudson, N. Y.
2 3-4 P. M.—Address:—"How Children Think," by Rev. J. Smith Dodge, of Stamford, Ct.
3 1-4 P. M.—Questions and Answers.
3 1-2 P. M.—Essay:—"The Blackboard," by Rev. A. B. Hervey, of Troy, N. Y.
4 P. M.—Essay:—"How shall we bring our Scholars into the Church," by Rev. L. L. Briggs of Boston.
4 1-2 P. M.—General discussion.
8 P. M.—Lecture: "The Bible Illustrated by Nature," by Rev. E. C. Bolles, Ph. D., of Salem, Mass.

All the speakers named in this programme are familiar workers in our own church except Dr. Vincent who is a prominent Methodist divine and a noted Sunday School man whose presence will be a part in itself. Let no teacher or older pupil of our school who can attend this Institute, fail to do so.

Children's Lessons.

The Publisher of the *Helper* begins with September the issue of a pretty little paper for infant classes and youngest scholars. It contains the four infant class lessons published in the *Helper*, on its inside pages. The first page has a pretty picture with verses: the last a poem or some exercise suited for infant class or concert. They are furnished to schools using the *Helper* at a dollar a hundred. We trust that at an early time all our classes of youngest children will have such a paper of "Children's Lessons" to learn their weekly lessons from.

—A letter to the *Leader* says of the Sunday School at Ridgeway: Our Annual Sunday School picnic came off a few days ago, an interesting affair to us, as we have the largest country school in Orleans County, numbering over one hundred scholars, and still increasing. We are all united as one family, and our prayer is, may brotherly love continue."

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XXIX.—SAUL.

Question.— What did Barnabas and Saul do after they had delivered the gifts of the church at Antioch to the suffering believers in Judea?

Answer.— Acts xii. 25.

Q.— Who went with them when they returned to Antioch?

A.— Acts xii. 25.

Q.— As the leading men of this church taught, and the church fasted, what did the Holy Spirit instruct them to do?

A.— Acts xiii, 2.

Q.— What was the work for which the Lord had called Saul?

A.— Acts ix. 15.

Q.— What was done to Barnabas and Saul?

A.— Acts xiii. 3.

NOTE. These were the first christian missionaries sent out to the heathen world. And this church sent them out because it held the grand faith that all the families and kindreds and nations of the earth shall be blessed in Christ,—because Christ is the light of every man that cometh into the world. We should fix clearly in mind the motive and principle upon which the first missionaries were consecrated and sent out.

Q.— Who went with Barnabas and Saul, a part of the first missionary journey?

A.— Acts xiii. 5.

Q.— To what place did the missionaries first proceed?

A.— Acts xiii. 4.

NOTES. They may have been induced to commence their work on the island of Cyprus, because Barnabas was a native of that island, and doubtless had relatives and an extensive acquaintance there. See Acts iv. 36 Andwe learn that Mark was a nephew of Barnabas. See Col. iv. 10. Undoubtedly Mark was born in Cyprus, and had relatives and acquaintances there.

Q.— At what place in Cyprus did the missionaries first preach?

A.— Acts xiii. 5.

Q.— At what place did they next preach?

A.— Acts xiii. 6.

Q.— Who requested Barnabas and Saul to come and preach to him?

A.— Acts xiii. 7.

Q.— Who opposed them?

A.— Acts xiii. 8.

Q.— Why did he oppose them?

A.— Acts xiii. 8.

Q.— When Saul fastened his eyes upon the sorcerer and denounced him, what happened to him?

A.— Acts xiii. 11.

Q.— How was the Roman governor affected by the miracle?

A.— Acts xiii. 12.

Q.— What is Saul first called at this time and place?

A.— Acts xiii. 9.

NOTE. No reason is given for this change of name. It has been conjectured that his name was given or taken in honor of Saul's first convent,—Sagius Paulus.

Hidden Seed

Enigma.

I am composed of sixty-two letters.

My 37, 25, 2, 53, 14, was Abraham's Grandfather.

My 16, 43, 32, 7, 55, 3, 25, 47, 24, was a sect or party of the Jews.

My 12, 30, 5, 33, 1, 13, 61, was a people who dwelt in mount Seir.

My 58, 43, 50, 36, 48, is our greatest enemy.

My 59, 36, 41, 49, 27, is what all need every day.

My 8 39, 62, 26, 20, 37, 16, 54, 29, makes mischief.

My 22, 45, 25, 32, 55, 9, 59, is the name of a bird.

My 15, 44, 21, 5, 35, 43, is a province of Syria.

My 23, 37, 16, 36, 18, 42, 19, 14, 57, 37, 16, is the name of a feast.

My 38, 43, 27, 46, 6, 52, was a king of Persia.

My 28, 56, 11, 51, 40, 5, was an adopted daughter of Mordecai.

My 4, 60, 10, 29, is a musical instrument.

My 61, 17, 13, 5, 15, 31 34, is an unwelcome visitor to many.

My whole my be found in Proverbs. *W. E. W.*

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